

So I have passed before your tunneled door
Beneath the wall, unaccompanied
In sun, ghosted with loss -- and gone on. More
Belongs to neighborliness than need.

We have had war between our kinds
Too long for either to make amends.
Understand, I wish you no mishaps
From poison, gun, the gardener's traps,
Or the storm's ill. But I've responsibilities,
A wife and dog your shape affrights --
And pity's all I have left to ease
Your snowy way these winter nights.

--Robert Wallace

A Tough Go

I said no dice
but the table hit back
and caught me a wham
in the wind.

I parried a jab
from an arm chair
and landed a
straight to the ribs.

And so it went,
day in, day out.
The walls were a
splatter of gore

and only when
no one was looking
I swung and
the room came apart.

--Charles Shaw